

# Growing Down, Steam Resolved Into Water

Debut by the end  
looking at the clock  
it's been a long time that I  
waited for you  
living all your waste of promises at the gate  
In a theater the act turns to illusion  
The writer of this monologue offers  
us a black book  
and an heavy crown supported without a proof of  
honesty  
The grass still grow over  
a worthless garden  
where it's never pouring water  
Photosynthesis of sickness  
Roses can't grow out of sand  
We don't hear the wind singing on  
the edge of a broken glass anymore  
the pieces have been fixed  
Blood fill the crack and heal like cement  
call intention to a sentence without period  
Asleep during a bird's final take off  
his colored skin turned  
cold too early  
Stop hating me,  
and set me free  
I'm breaking  
under your sky  
I'm the cloud in your eyes  
Anger raining from me  
Your god can't see what a farewell can be